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WHAT HO!

—By
RICHARD CONNELL

By Arrangement With Thomas Allen, Publisher, Toronto

CHAPTER III.—Continued

"A sure quick cure for hives—no, that's not it." He was about to consider this letter to his doctor when he recurred. "Never keep it," he remarked. "One never knows when one might have hives."

He rifled through the remaining missives, crumpling the bulk of them and pitching them into a fire-place so wide and high that a bipedal animal could have been harbored there.

"Funny," he said. "Always losing letters. I put this in a safe place and can't find the safe place. But no matter. I remember most of it."

"Tell us."

"It seems," said the Earl, "that a certain chorister would like to take the castle."

"Take it?"

"I mean to say rent it. He wants it for one month only."

"Good idea," remarked Lady Rosina Bingley.

"Gold fish, from what I gather, said her father. "But dipping with currency. Made it himself, I believe, though just how MacKintosch did not say."

"What's his name?"

The Earl furrowed his brow.

"Atkinson? No. Elly? No. Dixon?"

"It must be him. He's a good friend. It could be Gateson. I don't think. Whitteman? Can that be it? Or is it Cattemore?"

"Never mind, father."

"I won't," said the Earl. "He'll know his own name. Bound to."

"American, of course," said Duff Hooper.

"I daresay," replied the Earl. "I was afraid of that," said Duff Hooper.

"Why?"

"A poisonously lot, Americans." "Oh, come on, Earl," said the Earl, mildly. "You wouldn't wonder if there are heaps of nice Americans."

"It would surprise me to find one," retorted the captain.

"Know many?" asked Lady Rosina.

"Enough," said Duff Hooper. "All impossible. Richer than the sun, the more impossible they are, and I judge that this one must be a prime specimen. I have to think of Bingley crawling with the creatures. I rather like beetles."

If you know a beetle with a thousand pounds wire at once," said the Earl. "I don't, myself, relish the idea of letting Americans, or Britishers, for that matter, camp

here, but it is our one way to raise the wind."

"But, father," said Ross, "will you pay a thousand pounds for just one month? That's a pretty stiff sum."

"You're telling me," said the Earl. He saw Duff Hooper look pained. "I'm not going to let you in on the cinema," explained the Earl. "It was a picture of a rather dissolute character who did not care for cosmetics and was not making them on a stick. like so many butterflies you know. Another shabby individual told him that 'the heat was on' and he had better scram" and he replied—"

"I'm not about the millionaire," said Ross.

"Delighted to," said the Earl. "MacKintosch says he is extraordinarily keen on castles. Quite castledom, I mean. He told Mac that he'd made out to be a knight in armor, a sort of only 5% of a man's armor, a fast, well-constructed, fully automatic."

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MOTHER OF FIVE WHO WAS ALWAYS TIRED

Now Awakes As Fresh As A Daisy

A mother of five has a lot to do, especially a country mother. And the one who did the most for her was Kruschen, ended all that—now she is up, feeling fresh, at five o'clock in the morning.

"I find Kruschen suits the needs of the house," said the Earl. "I am the mother of five children, and before taking Kruschen, I was always tired."

Kruschen suits an excellent recipe for maintaining a clear complexion. It is a good idea to use a few drops of this in the water in which you wash your face.

"I find that it is a good idea to use a few drops of this in the water in which you wash your face."

"Must you be a lady, Esmé?" demanded the Earl. "Of course, he'll take it. At least," he added, "I pray you will."

"Yes, milord," said Ross.

"Just give the fellow a shilling, and he'll practice earning a bit," he remarked.

He stood with his back to the fire, his feet spread wide apart, his arms behind his back, and he combed his usually vacuous features into an expression approaching haughty dignity.

"Isn't that how ears do it on the cinema?" asked Lady Rosina.

"You'd take a walk to it, the way I do," he remarked.

"I do rather humbly, don't I?" said the Earl.

He marched to the fire-place.

"The fellow will practice earning a bit," he remarked.

"The fellow who was ushering in the room, who was introduced and who was at the door," he declared. "He states that he wishes to see the castle."

"Did he jingle, Crump?" asked the Earl.

"I heard no sound, milord."

"Is he an American?"

"Our millionaire!" cried the Earl.

"Put him in, Crump," said the Earl.

"At once, milord," said Crump.

"But may I say that you are mistaken in supposing him to be a millionaire?"

"He hasn't the look of one at all," he said. "And he's a clothes horse, in my book."

"So I did," said the Earl. "But what do clothes signify? Look at mine. Millions do not wear gold suits with diamond buttons, but may be dressed in rags."

"Excuse me, milord," said Crump, with a show of emotion, "but may I remind you of the object on which I am of that, milord?"

"Crump, lothly."

"He has no discreet a knock."

"Come in, Crump."

The butler entered. He was a slow and comfortable man. The years had been kind to him. His hair was grey, and his skin was tan. He was dressed in a tattered old tunic, with a sword at his belt, and a shaggy cloak of old Bingley. And he was a bit of a fellow, with a ruddy complexion, and a friendly smile.

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